

# VIEU-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXVI.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1897.

NUMBER 17

Published every week.  
\$1.00 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y.  
as second class matter.

**THERE IS NO DEATH.**

There is no death! the stars go down  
To rise upon some other shore,  
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown  
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! the forest leaves  
Convert to life the viewless air;  
The rocks disorganize to feed  
The hungry mists they bear.

There is no death! the dust we tread  
Shall change beneath the summer showers,

To golden grain, or mellow fruit,  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! the leaves may fall,  
The sun may fade, the east away—  
They only wait, through wintry hours,  
The warm, sweet breath of May.

Though life become a dreary waste,  
We know its fairest, sweetest flowers,  
Transplanted into Paradise,  
Adorn immortal bower.

The voice of bird-like melody  
That we have missed and mourned so long  
Now mingling with the angel choir  
In everlasting song.

There is no death; although we grieve  
When beautiful, familiar forms  
That we have learned to love are torn  
From our embracing arms.—

Although with bowed and breaking heart  
With sable garb and silent tread,  
We bear their senseless dust to rest,  
And say that they dead.

They are not dead! they have but passed  
Beyond the mists that blind us here,  
Into the new and larger life  
Of that serener sphere.

They have but dropped their robe of clay  
To put their shining raiment on;  
They have but wandered far away—  
They are not "lost" nor "gone."

Though disentangled and glorified,  
They still are here, and love us yet;  
The dear ones they have left behind  
They never can forget.

And, sometimes, when our hearts grow faint,  
Amid temptations fierce and deep,  
Or when the wildly raging waves  
Of grief or passion sweep,

We feel upon our fevered brow  
Their gentle touch, their breath of balm,  
Their arms enfold us, and our hearts  
Grow comforted and calm.

And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear, immortal spirits tread—  
For all the boundless universe  
Is Life—there are no dead!

—McCreery.

**THE QUEEN'S PARDON.**

On the heights of Portland the December mist, still undispersed by sunrise, hung thick, obliterating all traces of the prison buildings from the Roads, where several ships of the Channel Squadron lay at anchor, and also from the straggling row of houses at the base of the northwest slope. In the prison itself there was no light as yet save in the corridors, up and down which the ever-alert warders paced monotonously to and fro. In most of the cells the prisoners slept, tired out with the previous day's hewing of stone and uncongenial tasks; but in one the occupant, a man of thirty-five, good-looking in spite of prison garb, close-cropped hair, and the ravages of toil and despair, lay on his bed awake.

A little more than ten years ago he had stood in the dock of a West of England city, listening to a judge with a hard voice, though with kindly eyes, pronouncing sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude. All that an eloquent counsel could do had been done for him, but to no avail. The evidence seemed conclusively damning, and the foreman of the jury, after an absence of half an hour, answered "Guilty," to the usual question, with a ring of conviction in his voice. The Judge's words to Thomas Harbord fell on deaf ears. He stood stupidly gazing at a young girl sitting at the back of the court in the company of a sweet-faced old lady, as though he saw nothing. At last a warder touched him on the shoulder, and the same instant a piteous cry of "Oh, Tom! Tom! They're going to take you away from me!" rang out in the court, over which the dusk of late afternoon was creeping, gradually blotting out the features of those who sat at all in shadow. The prisoner turned round as though about to say something to the Judge on the bench, and then, led by the warder, he vanished down the dock stairs to the cells, to be known no longer as Thomas Harbord, but by various numbers; at Portland Convict Prison as "No. 27."

The sense of innocence brought him—contrary to all preconceived notions of writers of fiction—no need of satisfaction; it merely filled him with desperate wrath and blackest despair. In the early period of his solitary confinement he found himself confronted day in and day out with the crushing sense of the legions of hours, minutes and seconds before he could

hope to be a free man—if he ever were to be a one again. By conduct—against the very thoughts of which he at first rebelled, refusing to accept any boon at the hands of fate—he might reduce those years to two thirds, maybe. What then? Millions of seconds, each one to him, a prisoner, an appreciable part of life; hundreds of thousands of leaden-footed minutes each one filled with poignant despair, must pass ere the time of release drew near. At work, under the scorching sun or in the keen air of winter, in the quarries it was all the same. These hours and minutes become embodied in the persons of the warders and fellow-prisoners, in the presence of his chains. From a possible dangerous man he became an almost inanimate machine; a mere cogwheel in the round of daily toil and prison discipline. At first he attacked the stone as though he were revenging his wrongs upon human flesh and blood, at last he tool'd it with the unthinking regularity of an automaton. It takes a year or two to trample the human element out of Harbord's type; but the effect of stone walls, silence and brutalized companions, if slow, is none the less sure. Only in his case he became an automaton instead of an animal.

Through the long December night, while the mist enshrouded Portland and restricted the range of the lights at the Bill to half a mile or less, and while the sirens sounded from the lighthouse gallery almost continuously answered faintly by others from vessels far out to sea Harbord lay awake reckoning the weeks, days, hours and minutes which comprised the remaining two years of his term. He had just dropped off into a half-sleeping condition when his cell door opened, and instead of the hard face of the warder came to tell him to tidy up, he saw the governor and chaplain, in the background.

What could it mean? He sprang up, rubbing his eyes, and almost before he knew what was happening the governor had told him in a few words that he had received the Queen's pardon, and then proceeded to read the same. What did it all mean? No other thought germinated in his dulle brain. Free! free! to go where he willed! To the train! He could see nothing at first. The print swam in a confused jumble before his eyes. When his sight cleared he commenced to read. How strange it all was! He used to be a great reader before he became "No. 27." And now he seemed to know nothing of the world. New names confronted him everywhere. Names of those in authority, names of towns, names even of countries. Where were Mashonaland and Matabeland? He was confused. He read on. This delicious, new-found turmoil of the world, how good it was, after all!

At last his eye caught a small paragraph stowed away at the bottom of the third column on page six of the paper. He read it and re-read it over and over again: "Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to pardon Thomas Harbord who was convicted of forgery at the Wesschene Assizes some ten years ago, and who is now completing his sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude at Portland. Harbord will be released this morning. The step has been taken in consequence of the dying confession of a man at Bristol." Nothing more! Now he knew why he had been released. And so death had taken Edward Tilwell out of the hands of justice. It was hardly fair of death.

The porter came up whistling to tell him the train would start in ten minutes. He got up, thrust the paper into the man's hands, pointing to the paragraph.

"That's me."

"You Thomas Harbord?" exclaimed the man. "Then all I've got to say is it's a hanged shame the Queen didn't send a coach-and-six for you. Let's have your hand, man, to wish you good luck. Got a missis? No? So much the better; poor soul, if you had it would have cut her up terrible."

"No," said Harbord, as though speaking to himself. "I was to have been married; but that's now over now, and I'm an old man."

"Old!" interjected the porter, you are no more than five-and-thirty, I'll go bail. You do look older, to be sure. But wait till you've been out a bit, you'll soon rub them lines and look a bit more upish."

The engine at the end of a short train of carriages relegated to the Portland line after becoming too thoroughly out of date for even the Somerset and Dorset local service

was reached, and Harbord, luggage less, speedily passed out of the station without being recognized. There seemed little alteration in the place. Several of the shops—now gay with Christmas goods and finery—in the main street now had large plate-glass windows in place of more country-fronts, but were otherwise much as ten years ago. For a moment he stood confused, staring up and down the street, regarded by the passers-by with curiosity. Then he remembered that he would have to go along the street, past the grocer's whose window projected a yard into the footpath, turn down the by-street, and then again turning, take the road leading to his home.

In ten minutes he reached the garden gate. He had run part of the way, and now he could not make up his mind to go up the door. What if they were all dead? He grew sick at the idea. There was a light in his mother's room, which was at the front of the

between Weymouth and Dorchester, gave a thin, wintry squeak, and Harbord, in a fever of apprehension lest it should start without him, tumbled into the first carriage that came handy, ticketless.

The porter came to the door. "You've got no ticket. Here, give me a shilling, and I'll get it for you, Book to Weymouth?"

"Yes," said Harbord, fumbling in his pocket for the money.

"Now you're all right," the porter exclaimed, returning a couple of minutes later; "here's the ticket and the change. No, thanks; you won't want all you've got. Good-by, mate, and good luck to you."

With a bump and a groan the train moved out of the station and ambled along the line running at the back of Chesil Beach at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour. Harbord was one of half a dozen passengers, but there was no one else in his compartment. He sat thinking of all that had appeared. He had heard nothing of those at home for many months; they might all be dead! How would he have the courage to go to the door with this possibility! What would he do if Jane told him his mother was dead? He covered his face in his hands at the thought, and sobbed as only a strong man can sob in the corner of a carriage. With a great jerk the train pulled up at the station and Harbord got out. Fellow-travellers regarded him with curiosity, because his friend the porter had told every one of them who he was when he examined their tickets, inveighing bitterly the while against the caustic humor of parading an innocent man.

Harbord noticed nothing of this. He inquired of a porter the next train to the junction for Appleby, and then discovered that he was both hungry and faint for want of food. He went out into the slippery, muddy street at the back of the houses on the Parade, and at length found a quiet little eating house, where he was served with a meal by a girl, who had a pitying eye, after consultation with her superior in command. At 3 o'clock he was again on his way in the train, in the company this time of other fellow-creatures, who one and all regarded him with a feeling akin to that with which they would have submitted to the company of a dangerous animal. Harbord noticed it after a time, and putting his hand to his head suddenly made the discovery that his hair was noticeably short. After this he realized that he was a marked man, and no longer wondered why the lady opposite drew her warm plaid dress away from his feet, and the other lady with two children sidled as far from him as possible, and asked the guard to find her seats in another carriage at the next station. He was innocent, but how could he explain it to them? If they could but know what he had suffered surely they would weep. He hadn't the paper with him; even if he had, perhaps they would not believe that he and the Thomas Harbord mentioned in the paragraph were one and the same. Two men got in where the lady with the children got out. They each of them threw him a glance, shrugged their shoulders, and then became immersed in their papers.

It was quite dark when Appleby was reached, and Harbord, luggage less, speedily passed out of the station without being recognized. There seemed little alteration in the place. Several of the shops—now gay with Christmas goods and finery—in the main street now had large plate-glass windows in place of more country-fronts, but were otherwise much as ten years ago. For a moment he stood confused, staring up and down the street, regarded by the passers-by with curiosity. Then he remembered that he would have to go along the street, past the grocer's whose window projected a yard into the footpath, turn down the by-street, and then again turning, take the road leading to his home.

In ten minutes he reached the garden gate. He had run part of the way, and now he could not make up his mind to go up the door. What if they were all dead? He grew sick at the idea. There was a light in his mother's room, which was at the front of the

house. What if she were ill—perhaps dying? At last his legs carried him up the drive which swept round the little front lawn in a semicircle. He heard the bell tinkle shrilly at the back of the house. All at once he remembered how, years ago he had banged it with a long-handled broom till it jangled against its fellows on either side.

The door opened. A flood of light streamed out on to the gravel. It was a strange face, and the fact sent an icy shock to his heart. Far outside himself he heard a voice he did not recognize as his own asking if Dr. Harbord were in. A year seemed to pass before the servant said "No;" adding, "Did you wish to see him in particular?"

"Yes."

"He will be in in half an hour."

"Is—is Mrs. Harbord in? Is she alive?" said the man at the door, throwing the words at her when once his tongue consented to frame them.

"Why, lor' bless me, yes! Come, none of that."

But it was no use. The man had just noticed he had suspiciously short hair and a strange, wild-looking face, and being fond of activity, he did not care for the life, so he left, and became a Professor at the School at Lyons. At first all went well; but, owing to the Director being strictly religious, insisting upon certain things which were contrary to his independent conscience, Imbert was obliged to leave the school. Determined to submit no longer to the authority of any body, he apprenticed himself to a typographical compositor. Then, stick in hand, he walked to Paris, and was fortunate enough to find work in a good firm, at high wages. However, after years ago, for family reasons, among others, he took up again his position of scribe, and continued it until his death. The role that he played in the struggle in which our elders were engaged for the emancipation of the deaf and dumb was considerable. Two volumes would not contain the account of all he did. In 1848, after having left the Central Society of the Deaf and Dumb and separated from Berthier, he joined Dr. Blanchet in founding the Central Society of Education, Patronage, and Assistance in favour of the Deaf and Dumb and the Young Blind and contributed largely, as Principal Delegate, to the prosperity of the Society, which was, we know, placed under the patronage of the Prince President of the Republic. For fifteen years Imbert was the rage, in Paris, and the most influential of the Deaf and Dumb. His physical force and his pen were entirely at the service of his unfortunate brothers, who loved him passionately; the services he rendered them were incalculable. The Empress Eugenie, informed of his disinterested devotion, sent to him, by the General of the Division of Aigremont, a lovely gold medal, with the effigy of Her Majesty—and later on, Mr. Bosredon proposed him for the Legion of Honour. Newspapers made special mention of this celebrated deaf-mute.

"Jess!" he cried, holding her in his arms, while the room swam round. "My Jess!"

"Tom!" came the answer.

"But I am old," said he; "so old."

"And I also, with the sadness and loneliness of waiting. But now—now I am young again." The voice of the elder woman broke the silence after a moment: "For this my son was dead and is alive again."

And they began to be merry. —Black and White.

**ON HIS DIGNITY.**

The young king of Spain stands on his dignity and makes his small companions know the difference between a reigning sovereign and a subject.

While staying at St. Sebastian he was accustomed to bathe and swim and play with a certain young count, and everything went on well until one day when playing at fives, the count lost his temper and gave the king's ball an angry hit back. In doing so it struck the king.

He did not say a word, but his face flushed, and there was a look in his abnormally large eyes that the count had never seen there before. Instead of apologizing the count grew defiant, and the same thing occurred again. Alfonso picked up his hat, and bowing stiffly he said, "Count, I cannot have for my friend any one who is so rash as to lose his temper at play."

The countess, deeply distressed at what had occurred, sought an interview with the queen! When she was ushered into her presence, she found the king was there, and, not liking to tell her mission before him, began to speak on other subjects, but the king guessed why she had come, and after greeting her, he said, "I am sorry to lose the society of your son, but a king has his dignity to keep up, and bad manners are worse than bad play."

With the assistance of the latest machines a piece of leather can be transformed into a pair of boots in thirty-four minutes, in which time it passes through the hands of sixty-three people and through fifteen machines.

**A SUCCESSFUL FRENCH MUTE.**

From the British Deaf-Mute.

Jules Imbert, born at Clermont Ferrand, Feb. 12th, 1815, became deaf at the age of 6. He was sent to the Institution in Paris, where he soon became one of the most brilliant scholars. He took the first prize in a literary competition complimented by the Home Minister, and received a silver medal from the King (Charles X). The laureate was, besides, proposed for the Professorship in the Establishment. Unfortunately, after a sort of rising among the pupils in February, 1830 (they protesting against the excessive severity of the Director—Abbe Borel). Imbert was imprudent enough to write to the Home Minister, upon the instigation of his own Professor, Berthier, to ask that the Director should be discharged, and the position given to Berthier. Imbert's signature being the first, he was expelled with eight others. His father was Justice of the Peace, and got him into a banker's; but, being fond of activity, he did not care for the life, so he left, and became a Professor at the School at Lyons. At first all went well; but, owing to the Director being strictly religious, insisting upon certain things which were contrary to his independent conscience, Imbert was obliged to leave the school.

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**DEAF-MUTE WEDDING.**

One of the most charming social events which has occurred in Poland for a long time was the wedding of Miss Ida Blanche Bishop and Mr. Fred Carroll Betts, of Kinsman, last evening.

The ceremony took place in the M. E. Church at that place in the presence of a large audience, and was performed by Rev. Mann, the deaf-mute minister of Cleveland, being interpreted by Rev. C. W. Smith, of Poland.

At 7.30 o'clock the

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, APRIL 26, 1897.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 16th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

## TERMS.

One copy, one year, \$1.00  
If not paid within six months, 1.50

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"The true to God who's true to man;  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-holding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us.  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

The April Century contains a couple of open letters—another installment to the controversy between supporters of the systems of educating the deaf. Dr. Gallaudet takes up his pen in defense of the combined method, and in reply to a Mr. Wright in a previous issue, and the latter is given space for a rejoinder. Dr. Gallaudet deprecates Mr. Wright's sweeping condemnation of signs, and the latter uses this portion of the Doctor's article as the target for his Partisan arrow—a quotation from an address once made by Dr. Gallaudet in which he condemns the use of signs in the school-room. Mr. Wright cannot be very well acquainted with the history of the profession of deaf-mute education, or he would know that Dr. Gallaudet has always held the view expressed by him in the quotation given. Nothing that Dr. Gallaudet says in the paragraph, which calls forth the excerpt referred to, proves a change in his position on the subject. There is a considerable difference between the use of the sign-language in the school-room and its use on the lecture platform and as a means of synchronous interpreting.

MENTION has been made of the part taken by women in the fight over day-schools in Illinois, and they have been complimented for their prowess as lobbyists in favor of the bill for establishing these schools. It may not be widely known that this unusual state of affairs is due directly to the recent formation in Illinois of a number of associations of parents of the deaf. We are informed that in Wisconsin, where the day-school plan has found favor, there are a number of like associations. If we are not mistaken, the idea of organizing the parents of the deaf children originated with Dr. A. G. Bell, and he has been active in its promotion. Consistently enough, he has endeavored to spread among these associations his beliefs as to the oral teaching and the danger of segregating the deaf in institutions, and with what success his efforts have met is illustrated in Wisconsin and Illinois.

No greater force than such societies of parents can well be imagined. No wonder their demands upon the Illinois legislature met with respectful attention. By right they ought. The law recognizes no higher interest in a child than the interest of a parent.

Regularly organized bodies are received with more consideration than individuals. Wherever it is proposed to form such associations as Dr. Bell advocates, we believe that the best interests of deaf school children will be subserved by every parent joining and taking an active part in the deliberations.

Those who do not favor the oral method or day schools, can do better work as members than as individuals.

Even if they are outnumbered, their votes will indicate that there are two sides to the question at issue and make it a debatable one. By allowing such an association to fall under the complete control of any one clique of believers, an impression of unanimity is given which is far from the true state of affairs. We think this is a matter which might well be taken

up by the various State organizations of the deaf. The fight for day schools will not end with Illinois. If opposed to the movement, the most effective method to adopt is that of the Irishman at the Kilkenney Fair, and figuratively, "whenever you see a head, hit it."

SEVERAL articles, including the "College Chronicle," are unavoidably left over till next week.

## ITEMIZER.

### Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column those items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Mr. Chas. Loes, of the Iowa School, is a senior baker in a bakery shop, only one in Waukon, Iowa. He is well respected by his town folks.

Bishop Leonard confirmed two members of St. Agnes Mission, at Grace Church, Cleveland, on Maunday Thursday Evening. The Rev. Mr. Main interceded.

Mr. Hiram Gilkison, formerly of Mansfield, Ohio, and an ex-pupil of the Ohio School, is now a permanent resident of Vinton, Iowa, where he has a steady position as cigarmaker in a large cigar factory. Hard times do not worry him at all.

Mr. John Welter, a graduate of the Iowa School, is a successful and shrewd business man in Cascade, Iowa. He is running a first-class restaurant and confectionery store. His store is known as "New York Chop House." He has a "metropolitan idea" in it.

Miss Maggie Holycross, formerly of Dubuque, Iowa, but now of Columbus, Ohio, to which her husband moved lately, accompanied by her four-years-old daughter, spent three months' visit with Mr. and Mrs. Ed. L. Conner, of North Fairfield, Ohio. She had a splendid and pleasant visit. She arrived in Columbus, March 17th.

In the last number for 1896, of *Le Journal Des Sourds-Muets*, the Editor declares that in future his paper will be "absolument ferme au mal et a ce qui irrite et divise" (absolutely closed to anything mischievous, and likely to irritate and divide). We shall watch with interest how M. Gallaudet acts up to his good resolution. "It is difficult, if not impossible, to keep a journal in smooth water without making it invertebrate and useless. The British Deaf-Mute would not have effected much if it had not dared to speak out strongly and fearlessly upon occasion; and what has appeared in its columns of an irritating nature, bears a small proportion to that which in mercy, if not in justice, has been withheld.—British Deaf-Mute.

At this time Miss Rose was quite young, but already gave promise of the great personal beauty for which she was subsequently noted, and traces of which remained with her even in extreme old age. She was moreover very intelligent, and though a deaf-mute from birth, she could express her thoughts in well-chosen language.

It this dual position she remained until 1826, when she resigned to become the wife of Mr. Clinton Mitchell, a hearing gentleman the nephew of Dr. Mitchell, at that time president of the Board of Directors of the Institution. Upon the death of Mr. Mitchell, she became assistant matron at the Institution.

On the 16th of July, 1844, she became the wife of Mr. Nathan M. Totten, a graduate, and for some years a teacher, of the New York Institution, and with her husband went to the North Carolina Institution, where Mr. Totten had an engagement as teacher. Subsequently, in August, 1847, Mr. Totten transferred his services to the Illinois Institution; with which his connection continued until his death. In each of these Institutions Mrs. Totten, during her husband's connection with it, performed, with intelligence, energy, and womanly tact, the duties of matron. By this latter marriage Mrs. Totten had several children, two of whom still live in Illinois and have families.

In 1853 she resumed her connection with the New York Institution as a temporary teacher, a position she held till the close of July, 1854. Next year she was re-appointed assistant matron, and continued in that position until September, 1871, when she retired with the love and respect of all after nearly twenty years' service at the institution in a position where she exhibited intelligence, kindness, and administrative ability. In his report for 1871, Dr. Peet thus feelingly comments on her remarkable career:

"I have to record the retirement, on the first of September, of Mrs. Mary E. Totten, the principal assistant matron, who was specially in charge of the girls.

"The play will be presented by a strong company, with fine scenery and the most striking effects in the mechanical line that has ever been put on a stage. It presents powerful natural situations and tells a story of the most thrilling human interest and a story that may be truly called a heart story. The opening of this delightful dramatic tale takes place in London and is thence carried to the great diamond fields in South Africa, and then again transported to London. It is one of those offering melodramas in which love, sentiment and villainy are closely allied with natural situations. Retributive justice finally overtakes the villain, and the hero and heroine, after many perils, drift into peaceful waters at last. The cast of the company is a very strong one, and includes some of the best actors in the profession.

## MARRIED.

CARROLL—BISHOP.—At Poland, Mahoning, O., on April 14th, by the Rev. A. W. Mann, Mr. Fred. Carroll Betts, of Kinsman, Trumbull Co., and Miss Ida Blanche Bishop of Poland, both graduates of the State Institution. They will live at Kinsman.

NEILLIE—WELLS.—At Rendeville, Perry County, O., on April 20th, by the Rev. A. W. Mann, Mr. Charles Fremont Neillie, of Cleveland, and Miss Lizzie A. Wells, of Rendeville. The groom is a former student of Gallaudet College, and the bride, a graduate of the school at Columbus, O. Cleveland, D. D., their president of the board of directors.

In St. Louis, Mo., April 26th, 1897. Mr. Henry Kriegerman, Jr., and Miss Emma Ehlers, the Rev. J. H. Cloud officiating.

As Mrs. Mitchell, she became,

## OBITUARY.

TOTTEN.—Entered into rest, at the Galaudet Home, Wednesday, April 21st, 1897, Mrs. Mary Totten, in her 80th year.

Eminent age is in itself venerable; but when it is united with eminent goodness, and eminent services in a good cause, it constrains our highest tribute of admiration and reverence. An aged and excellent Christian, who for many generations, has faithfully performed her duties, has befriended her race, and, in her time, did much to rouse public interest in the cause of the education of the deaf, deserves our gratitude; and when death removes her to join that cloud of heavenly witnesses and examples which surround us, we feel that her removal is appropriate, and that her example should be studied.

The relations of Mrs. Totten to the early history of deaf-mute education, and especially to the New York Institution, call for a brief sketch of her life and character.

Among the first four pupils of the New York Institution for the Instruction for the Deaf and Dumb, when it opened in 1818, was Mary E. Rose. She was born in New York City in 1808, being deaf from birth, and had the advantage, rather rare at that time, of receiving early instruction, having been entered as a pay pupil in the Institution at the age of nine.

She came of a prominent New York family, who having met with financial reverses, subsequently removed to Albany. She then became a State pupil from the Third Senate District.

In 1822 she was selected as an assistant teacher, thus bearing the distinction of being one of the two first deaf teachers employed at the New York Institution, the other being John H. Gazlay, who was appointed at the same time. Of her selection the records of the Institution state: "She is a very promising young woman, and the Directors find her highly useful in the Institution as an assistant teacher, while at the same time she is acquiring information as a pupil."

Her last public appearance at the Institution was on the occasion of the Celebration of the Seventy-Fifth Anniversary. She was then eighty-four years old but seemed much younger. She was introduced to the audience as the only person living that was a pupil in the Institution at its opening in 1818.

The end, a peaceful one, came on Wednesday, April 21st surrounded by kind loving faces her spirit took its flight to its final home. Truly hers was a remarkable career, a long, beautiful, and useful life, and a history that is a credit to the New York Institution of which she was the last survivor of its original pupils.

The funeral services were held at the residence of Mrs. Totten's niece, Mrs. Dr. M. R. Dennis, at Mattawan, N. J., on Saturday, April 24th. They were conducted by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, and were attended by a large congregation of the relatives and friends of the family and those of Mrs. D. H. McAlpin, who is also a niece of Mrs. Totten.

after the death of her husband, assistant matron of the institution, in which capacity she was for years significantly useful.

Forming a second union with one of the teachers, a deaf gentleman, she changed her name again, and as Mrs. Totten, was successively assistant matron in the North Carolina, and matron in the Illinois Institution, while her husband was teacher in the same institutions.

Left a second time a widow, more than twenty years ago, she returned to visit her family connections in the East, and was soon after persuaded to resume her connection with this institution, at first as a teacher and afterward as assistant matron, in which she gave us sixteen consecutive years of faithful and very efficient service.

In the last she had a remarkable influence over the girls, whom she regarded as her children. Sympathizing with all their troubles, and ever alive to their best interests, she at the same time set them a bright example of refinement, propriety and all the Christian virtues.

The hundreds of our graduates who have known and loved her, will hardly recognize the institution as dissociated from Mrs. Totten, and the traditions of the past will preserve her memory in our silent community long after she has passed away. Those who ask what good the institution has accomplished, may well cite the example of this lovely, intelligent and useful woman.

Upon her final retirement from the Institution, she resided several years in its immediate neighborhood, having though the efforts of Dr. Peet, secured a competence sufficient to exempt her from care and permit her declining years to be happy and contented. As she grew in years, her friends arranged for her comfort at the Gallaudet Home, where she passed her last days in peaceful serenity.

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THOMAS F. FOX,  
*Librarian, N. Y. Inst.*

## Killed By a Falling Tower.

BOULDER, MONT.—Edward Lane, a deaf-mute, was struck on the head by a falling tower and instantly killed. Mr. Lane was working a few feet from the tower, which a force of men were removing by means of gay ropes, when a sudden wind came up and blew the tower over. A warning was given by a man working near him, who motioned for him to run. Lane stooped to lay a pieck down, and did not get away in time.

The deceased was formerly a pupil of the Kendall School in Washington and of the Montana School, and was an employee of the Bar Mining Company.

## Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

April 29, 7:30 p.m. Piqua, O. Special Service.

MAY.

1-9:30 A.M. Terre Haute. Holy Communion.

1-9:30 A.M. Chicago. Holy Communion.

2-3 P.M. Chicago. Service and Sermon.

3-7:30 P.M. South Bend. Ind. Evening Prayer and Sermon.

9-10:30 A.M. Detroit. Holy Communion.

4-7 P.M. Detroit. Open.

10-7:30 P.M. Grand Rapids. Evening Prayer and Sermon.

11-All day. Toledo. Annual Convention of the Diocese of Ohio.

12-All day. Toledo. Diocesan Convention.

15-20 P.M. Cincinnati. Service and Instruction on Confirmation.

10-10:30 A.M. Cincinnati. Holy Communion.

10-3 P.M. Cincinnati. Confirmation by Bishop Vincent.

15-20 P.M. Newark. O. Diocesan Convention.

16-20 All day. Youngstown, O. Confirmation and laying of cornerstone.

The following account was handed to us:

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Barnes on Woodstock Street was taken by storm last Saturday evening, and the guests who gained possession, were about twenty-five in number. Mr. and Mrs. Barnes had just rounded out seven years of happy married life, and the gathering on Saturday was a celebration by their relatives and friends. The couple were completely surprised and enjoyed it very much. They received the

## PHILADELPHIA.

### A Reception at the Mt. Airy School.

### A WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

#### Numerous Items of Interest and Importance.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

Perhaps the most interesting event of the past week was the jubilee celebration of Archbishop Ryan, which began on Tuesday, and ended on Friday evening, with a reception at the Mt. Airy Institution.

The Philadelphia Times had such a good report of it that we subjoin it, feeling that it will interest our readers:

"In the last she had a remarkable influence over the girls, whom she regarded as her children. Sympathizing with all their troubles, and ever alive to their best interests, she at the same time set them a bright example of refinement, propriety and all the Christian virtues.

The reception honored Archbishop Ryan last evening at the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Mount Airy on account of its entirely informal character. All of the buildings of the Institution were illuminated and large numbers of prominent people of Chestnut Hill and Mount Airy were present. The Archbishop and his party arrived in two carriages about half-past o'clock from the Holy Cross rectory. Accompanying him were Bishop Kenney and Archdeacon Edward C. Clegg. They were received with great enthusiasm and enthusiasm.

After the performance, Dr. A. L. E. Crotter, superintendent of the Institution, introduced the Archbishop, who addressed the audience.

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# ANWOOD.

## A Visit to the U. S. Dispatch Boat Dolphin.

### ANOTHER DEFEAT FOR OUR BALL TEAM.

Local Items of the Past Week.

From our Fanwood Correspondent.

The following article of a visit to the United States Despatch Boat Dolphin, has been kindly furnished by one of those who was a witness.

The Proteus was launched at Mr. Wagner's on Thursday of last week. Saturday those of the members who did not belong to the baseball team had their first outing. The row was over to Grant's tomb and past the United States Despatch Boat Dolphin, which was anchored off the tomb. As we passed the ship, one of the marines invited us to come aboard. We were pleasantly surprised at his familiarity with the manual alphabet.

He is Mr. J. E. Wyand, a private in the marines stationed aboard.

He has an uncle who is deaf-mute, so that accounts for his knowledge of the manual alphabet.

We were shown all over the vessel and had a peep into the private cabin of President McKinley, also the Hotchkiss and Gatling guns and sixteen-pounders with which the vessel is armed.

The men were preparing for inspection, the inside and outside of the vessel were being cleaned and painted.

There was so much paint that the boys had to keep their eyes wide open or they would have had plenty of it on themselves.

Mr. Wyand was unfailing in his attentions, and showed us everything there was worth seeing.

After thanking him for his kindness we pulled off for Grant's Tomb.

The boys conducted themselves very well not forgetting to give the required salute to the flag.

Those present were E. Mayer, Captain; Messrs. Moeslein, Keiser, Beck, Kierman, Reiff, L. Cohen, Konkel and Prinsing."

Sunday last was an ideal Easter Sunday, bright with sunshine and the budding of nature awakening refreshed and vigorous from its long winter sleep, for old and young seemed infected with the spirit of renewed hope and gladness.

Large numbers of worshippers attended the services in Grace P. E. (chapel), and Eutaw M. E. Church.

There was a tasteful display of illus and other beautiful flowers that were given by the members of the Guild of the Deaf.

The services for the deaf-mutes were both appropriate and interesting.

The mission boxes were returned to Mr. John C. Wess, who

had charge of them, and over \$15 were made and were intended as a

donation to be divided between the Kindergarten and Church

Hospital of Grace P. E. Church.

Mr. Whidin, our lay reader,

thanked the members of the Guild

of the Deaf for presenting him

with two books, a Common Prayer

and Hymnal.

The members of the Baltimore Society of the Deaf, gave an entertainment last Monday night, under the management of Messrs. Butterbaugh, Lurmann, McElroy, and Unsworth.

The play was a great success, and all participants deserve credit for good acting and the pains each

seemed to take make to it a success.

The deaf-mutes for whose benefit it was gotten up, enjoyed it immensely as did others present.

At the conclusion of the play, they

were treated to ice cream and cake.

The writer doubts that any one

went away disappointed.

After spending the Easter holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Lister, of Eastern Shore, Mr. J. A. Branfleck returned home, being fresher, and said that the climate of Eastern Shore did him good.

Mr. John R. Ball, of Govanstown, and Fred Duvall, of Prime George, Co., were among the out-of-town folks seen at the entertainment Monday.

The deaf-mutes are always dis-

couraged at the excursions down to either Bay Ridge or Toluchester.

They want to go to near places which they can enjoy.

President McElroy appointed a committee of three—Messrs. J. A. Branfleck, George M. Leitner and Dr. J. H. Mooney, to go to Altoona, near Stony Creek, to see if it is a good place for us to have an excursion down there in June.

An interesting confirmation service was held at Grace P. E. Church this morning.

Thirty-three candidates, of whom eleven were deaf-mutes, were confirmed.

Ocupying the chancel with Right Reverend Bishop Paret, were the

Rector, Arthur Chilton Powell

and the Lay Reader of Grace

Church, Oliver John Whidin, who interpreted the service for the

benefit of the large number of deaf

present. This year the number of deaf-mutes confirmed is the largest in the history of Grace Church and it reflects great credit on the progress of the work since Mr. Whidin took charge. In his announcements, the Rector referred

to the fact that it had recently contributed some fifteen dollars towards the Church Hospital and Kindergarten of Grace Church.

Bishop Paret in his address to the candidates spoke of Psalm 84-7. They

will go from strength to strength as an appropriate motto.

At the conclusion of the service the deaf

present were introduced to the

Bishop. This first year's fruits is

but the forerunner of better things

in the future. The following are

the caudates: Messrs. E. Butter-

baugh, H. J. Gill, Wm. Tyre, Fred

Duvall, George Werner, Louis

Nicholson, Misses Ella Spencer,

Emma Spencer, and Mr. and Mrs.

Chas. Perego, and Mrs. A. E.

Feast.

MYRTLE.

Exercises, of an hour's duration, commemorating the birthday anniversary, and the dedicating of the Grant tomb, in accordance with the proclamation of the Governor of the State, were held in the chapel of the Institution on Monday afternoon.

Previous to this a large charcoal drawing of Gen.

Grant, festooned with American

flags, was hung up in front of the

stage, where the pupils of the Art

department, under the guidance of

their instructor, had drawn fac-

simile sketches of the houses in

which the hero was born and

educated.

Prof. Fox opened the exercises

with a few remarks as to the reason

of our being present at that time.

Also he gave a general outline of

the life and character of the great

general.

Next the choir rendered in signs

the beautiful hymn "America."

Rev. Mr. Berry was then invited

to speak. He related an incident

that happened when he was a

teacher in the Fredericksburg, Md.

School for Deaf-Mutes.

The county in which the school was

located, held a county fair, and the

directors had invited the pupils thither. It was also announced that Grant, who was then President of the United States, would favor the fair with his presence. After a while the pupils were lined up and marched to where Grant was standing, with the intention of being permitted to shake hands with him. One of the boys refused to do so when his turn came. Upon being questioned as to his reason for refusing replied: "Because Grant is a Republican while I am a Democrat."

The choir then recited the hymn, "How Sleep the Brave."

Prof. Fox then delivered in signs, while Prof. Hoyt interpreted *viva voce*, Miss Montgomery's paper, "Our Debt to Grant." It was a very interesting paper and was heartily applauded at the conclusion.

Prof. Jones then, in his usual vein recited in signs Bradlaugh's beautiful poem, "Grant Dying."

So enraptured were those present that you could almost hear a pin drop. The only thing to break the stillness was Prof. Hoyt's voice, as he read aloud to those who could hear:

The exercises were concluded with the reciting, by the choir, of "The Star Spangled Banner."

On Tuesday most of the older pupils were permitted to go down to see the parades.

During the height of the wind storm Tuesday afternoon, the flagstaff on the roof of the main building, on which an American flag was hoisted in honor of Grant, came down with a crash. Fortunately no damage was done. The first flag ever raised on this pole, was raised by a grand-daughter of the late Maj. Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame.

Hon. W. C. Stevens, a director of the Northern New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, and wife, are guests at the institution. Mr. Downing of the institution, Mr. Stevens is much interested in the work of deaf-mute instruction, and was one of the founders of the institution at Malone.

Rev. T. B. Berry, of Buffalo, N. Y., father of one of the lady teachers, is visiting her.

Rev. Mr. Chamberlain conducted services for the deaf at the Church of the Intercession on Sunday morning.

A social reunion of two hours duration was held in the sitting girls' room, Saturday evening.

Several lady friends including his mother called to see Lester Jarboe, one of our pupils, and were taken through the grounds and buildings.

Mr. Young, of Brooklyn, cousin of Miss Barrager's mother, was a caller on Thursday last.

W. C. S.

Edgewood Park, Pa.

On the 19th inst., death invaded the home of Dr. John G. Brown, president of our board of trustees, and carried off the wife, who had been a loving companion and patient helper for nearly fifty years. Had the grim reaper stayed his destroying hand until the blossoms of June, a golden wedding had been celebrated. It was only recently that the 50th anniversary of Dr. Brown's ministerial work in Pittsburg was celebrated, and it was only natural that he looked forward to this other 50th anniversary with the joy that comes of congenial and loving companionship. But it was not to be and all that was mortal of a dearly beloved wife and companion was consigned to the tomb on the 21st inst., after a very interesting service at the home over which the deceased had presided for so many years.

Mrs. Brown was of a quiet, retiring disposition, dearly loving the home where she could cheer and comfort those who were neareast and dearest to her. She was eminently a homekeeper, not in the narrow sense of simply keeping a house in order, but in its broadest ethical sense, which includes order and the well-being of all connected therewith. This trait was well exemplified during the four years she lived at the institution while her honored husband was the principal. The pupils at the school during that time learned to love her for her motherly and sympathetic qualities—a love which has lived in the hearts of those at the school, and which was expressed in loving respect by a mass of roses sent by the pupils of the institution.

She died on the 19th inst., and was buried in the cemetery that the school occupies. Her funeral service was conducted by Rev. Dr. Dennis of Newark, who is a member of the Board of Trustees.

Dr. Dennis is a graduate of the Western Pennsylvania School, and also was several years a member of Gallaudet College.

He has resided in Cleveland, where he has a good situation in a factory. He is a fine writer, as some of his contributions to the *Chronicle* attest, and is the leader of the deaf in the Forest City.

His bride graduated with the class of '92 from this institution, and is a lady of intelligence and pleasing manners.

We congratulate them upon their union, and may it be of sunshine and good fortune.

Rev. A. W. Mann was with us from Saturday to Monday, leaving here on the latter day with Mr. Neillie, for Rendville. Saturday evening he delivered his lecture, "Waterloo," before Clonian Society. Sunday morning he conducted the regular chapel services at the institution, and later one at Trinity Church Parish House to the adult deaf of the city.

Pupils were treated to Easter eggs Sunday morning, while for dinner each at his or her plate found a beautiful Easter flower.

Mrs. A. W. Mann was at the institution a short time Thursday.

The game between the Independents and Barracks Club, proved a defeat for the former—9 to 11. It was well played, however.

Ex-Superintendent Clark, the other evening with Supt. Jones, made the rounds of the study rooms, and found very many changes and everything in neat order.

Yesterday being Arbor Day, the schools were dismissed at noon, and the children allowed to spend the day as they liked.

Mr. and Mrs. James Smith have made Columbus their home. They formerly lived in Zanesville and Perry County.

The song of the mower has already been heard on the front lawn, rather early for the season considering the long drawn out cold spell.

A. B. G.

April 24, '97.

# COLUMBUS.

## An Estimate of Deaf-Mute Education.

### THEY ARE WEDDED NOW.

#### Items of General Interest.

From our Columbus Correspondent.

As stated in our last letter, Gen. Robert P. Kennedy's official connection with the institution as trustee terminated with the last meeting of that body. The general was a dignified and useful member of the board, and every one felt sorry that he was not re-appointed to the place.

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A. B. G.

April 24, '97.

### A MEETING OF TENNESSEE DEAF-MUTES SUGGESTED.

We, the undersigned, are of the opinion that there should be a meeting of deaf-mutes in Tennessee in the near future, and that the place and time of said meeting should be Nashville, Tenn., and September 14th and 15th.

As is well known, the "Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition" will be open at Nashville from May 1st till October 31, 1897, in celebration of the 100th anniversary of Tennessee's admission into the Union of the States.

We have no doubt a considerable number of deaf-mutes will come in the great crowds of visitors to the Exposition. Why not get them to come at an appointed time for a reunion—to renew their associations formed in school days and to make new acquaintances among themselves? Then a Tennessee society of deaf-mutes can be organized, and officers elected to attend to the details of and prepare for future meetings.

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**ST. LOUIS.**

**The St. Thomas Mission  
of St. Louis.**

**ITS TROUBLE CAUSED BY  
POLITICS.****Local Happenings in Deaf-Mute Circles--News About  
the Club, Etc.**

From our St Louis Correspondent.

During the last presidential campaign it will be remembered that St. Thomas' Mission had two speakers to expound their respective political doctrines in their room. They were Judge Dennison, a Republican, and Judge Terry, a gold Democrat.

To appear impartial and show that they have equal regard for the silver faction, the services of a free-silver man was secured to present the merits of the white metal.

The latter was E. J. McIntyre. Instead of lecturing in the mission room, the short-lived Bryan Club succeeded in having him transferred to a crowded house at the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club.

This incensed a highly prominent member of the hearing congregation, and he immediately left the church. He was a strong free-silver advocate, who felt offended that the platform and advantages of his party were not delivered to the silent members of the church. His indignation was also directed at their supposed favoritism to gold and a sneer for silver.

The officers of the church did not rebuke the mission, nor did they say anything about it until after Dr. Boyd's recent address on "Municipal Reform," when the mission was warned by the warden not to mix in politics any more, and the above free-silverites leaving the church for good was given as an example of the dangers of mixing party politics with their affairs.

To this the mission replied that they had a perfect right to utilize the room on week days for any purpose in keeping with its rules and in proper decorum. They also claimed that the free silver lecture given at the club room was under its auspices, and that the change was desirable for a larger room, and where the Bryan Club thought could be held in the true fashion of a political meeting—applause with the feet and other exuberant demonstration.

This explanation was forwarded to the irritated supporter of Bryan, with an invitation to rejoin the church and let the unfortunate incident be a bygone. But he will not come to reason, still keeps out, and so the matter stands.

The mission will shortly have an address from Lee Meriwether, the defeated candidate for Mayor, but he will leave politics alone. He may talk on "Tramp Travels Abroad," or of his recent trip down the inundated Mississippi.

Here is Henry Krigbaum again. So soon as Miss Ehlers returned with her mother from Indianapolis, Henry produced the two letters from his old home in the country, refuting the charge that he is already married. Mrs. Ehlers refused to believe them. He became very obdurate and the stalwart doctor living downstairs was called up. He was prepared for the fray, and opening the door, made the love-lorn swain feel warm in the vicinity of his coat-tail. He has not been there since.

But on the other hand it is known that Krigbaum has fitted up a flat on Wash Street, and does this indicate that he has triumphantly won his frustrated Emma Ehlers back, and that they have decided to be united for better or worse. Perhaps so, and it must be that they arranged these details on the sly.

Henry Brantley has gone to Kansas City to hunt for a job. If he finds ill luck there, he will try to grow up with Sedalia.

The Easter services at St. Thomas' Mission were well attended, and the room was fragrant with the sweet odor of roses on the altar. Holy Communion was partaken by all the members. Mr. and Mrs. E. Harden's infant boy was baptized before the service.

Beginning on May 2d, Rev. J. H. Cloud will hold two services each Sunday. The afternoon service will be for the benefit of those who cannot attend in the morning.

It is very singular that the St. Louis and Pas-a-Pas clubs, who if "G" does not disagree with me, have been like brothers, should be compelled, for different reasons, to seek refuge in the storage warehouse at about the same time. We could not help but feel sorry for their striking a financial snag by a bank's failure, for the club lost quite a lump in the defunct Provident Savings Association, in 1885, and we know how it is to feel it.

Well, misfortunes never come singly. Not until now was it known that

two young ladies had put up something on the Carson fight. They picked "Lanky Bob," and the gentleman with whom they bet will have to pay the bill for a fashionable bonnet and enough stuff to make a dress for the other.

Miss Kinsley, one of the instructors at the Indiana Institution, will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Kerr in June, after she has visited Mr. and Mrs. Corwin, at Fulton, before their school closes.

The May business meeting of the St. Louis Club will be held on the 8th, in Room 6, on the second floor of Wenzel's Hall, 8th and Franklin, an President Wolff will show no clemency on absences, unless it be sickness as the business, to come up is of much importance, involving the coming picnic and where shall its future meetings be held. Much objection was raised against meeting at members' houses, that the above downtown hall had to be secured.

When visiting in the Windy City and looking at its skyscrapers, St. Louisans are warned to observe Chicago's eleventh commandment: "Stretch not the rubber within thine neck, lest thou dislocate thy collar-bone." How many of us violated it at the "public opinion" meeting, when not a single lady removed her annoying and massive head gear? They usually have the first few rows, and are in a heaven by themselves. When are they going to cease their persecution?

Harry Berwin is a pitcher of the south-paw school, and last week was in the box for the Mount Pleasant club. The game was a tie, and would have been won if—

The Ladies' Society have folded their aprons, and not until September will they meet again.

The bicycle season is under full way, and on with the music!

Charley Wolff was seen on Broadway Easter-day in new and faultless attire, with green tooth-pick shoes. He wore his usual 24-inch smile. He is a prince of good fellows and all his friends can easily pick the white squadron.

Dr. E. T. McNamara—he has no diploma but digs out teeth just the same—has been ill for some time. He was seen yesterday and looked well.

PHIL DEAN.

**SPORTING NOTES.**

This column is open to all lovers of true and healthy sports. Items are solicited from everywhere.

This week a great deal of space is given to the wheel, which judging to the way the people have taken to it, seems a sure sign that it has come to stay.

At last the deaf of Greater New York have organized a bicycle club, which in time bids fair to become a great institution. The object of this organization will in no way affect the various deaf-mute clubs of Greater New York, in fact, it is my belief that it will stimulate better feelings towards these societies.

The membership embraces nearly all the societies of the metropolis thus far. The object in brief is: "To enable deaf wheelmen to enjoy outing and recreation in company of one another."

The name of the club is to be known as the "Silent Wheelmen of Greater New York."

The initiation fee for the first twenty-five members is to be 25 cents, but after the club shall have reached a membership of 25, all future applications for admission will have to be accompanied by an initiation fee of one dollar. The monthly dues are as low as possible for a club to launch forth. "None was not built in a day," hence the promoters wisely pursued this course to enable all the deaf wheelmen of Greater New York to become members.

The meeting as announced last week was held at Wendell's Washington Bridge Hotel.

On motion, Mr. I. N. Soper was made temporary chairman, and after Mr. LeClerc had outlined the object of the club, and the name decided upon. All present except one signed their names as members of the club.

The election of officers then took place and the following were elected:

President, L. N. Soper; Secretary, A. Capelli; Treasurer, J. Alexander; Captain, C. J. LeClerc.

In the same room where the new organization was formed, was present the members of the First Battery, National Guard State of New York Bicycle Club, with their instructor, Lieutenant Theodore F. Schmidt. Next Sunday the company will meet at the same place in uniform. The Silent Wheelmen were introduced to the company by Mr. Louis Wendel, the proprietor of the Hotel.

The Silent Wheelmen will meet at Washington Bridge Hotel every other Sunday morning. Next Sunday they will meet at 9:30 A.M., at East 23d Street Ferry, and from there go direct to Coney Island; there they will assemble at Stanch Hotel. All deaf wheelmen who are not already members are cordially invited to be there. Applications for membership can also be forward.

to the Secretary, Anthony Capelli, Station M, New York City.

**VIRGINIA.**

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., April 24.—The Board of Visitors of the Institution at Staunton held a full meeting Tuesday, the 20th. All the members were present except General Hundley of Amelia. Hon. James N. Swords, of Gloucester, was re-elected president, as was the executive committee, and R. E. R. Nelson secretary to the board.

The board decided to leave the classes in the deaf-mute department graded as they now stand. In other words, Prof. Euritt will be head-teacher (the place held by the late Prof. De Long), and the class (First Class) formerly under Prof. Euritt will be vacant, and said vacancy is to be filled in June. The board acted very wisely and properly in reinstating Prof. Euritt in his old place. Since the opening of the current session, under the new superintendent, Mr. Euritt has been acting-principal or assistant superintendent. Needless for us to go into any further explanation of how and why this class was wrongfully taken from Mr. Euritt several years ago, than to state that all this was done by trickery, and to satisfy a personal grievance then existing in the old board.

The deaf of Virginia will rejoice that the wrong done Mr. Euritt has at last been made right. His scholarly training, and general experience, is too well-known to need further comment here; but one more word: he is the salt of the school.

Now as to the vacancy in the First Class caused by Mr. Euritt's taking charge of the High Class.

We have a word to say to the Board of Visitors. We disclaim any intention of dictating to them what they shall do. Their past acts convince us that they want to do right, and advance the institution in every way. In the reorganization of the school last June, they showed commendable earnestness and wisdom, although they were inexperienced in the business as far as educating the deaf and the blind was concerned. This fact no one can deny. Now that they have at the disposal a position in the deaf-mute department, we hope and believe that they will see the wisdom of placing in this vacancy a man from the private ranks of the deaf of this State—a Virginian-born, raised and educated—who is in touch with all of the three hundred odd deaf-mutes of this Commonwealth; who has an inspiring influence among them, and who knows and understands them by nature. If such a man is placed in the official circles of the institution, dissensions will disappear upon his presence there.

For divers attempts to wobble along the damed thing, we are beginning to think riding a wheel is not as easy as it looks. After dark, especially, has the difficulty of keeping the saddle been manifested. Our instructor has told us to "keep your legs straight, 'handle the bar gently,' 'look straight ahead,' 'look up,' 'sit still,' 'push it along,' and 'have confidence in your ability to ride.' But for all these expert warnings, riding a wheel is something not as easy as it looks. In broad daylight the difficulty is less, though the effort to become 'genuine master of the art' seems a terrible way off.

Mr. John F. O'Brien is the latest convert to the wheel. He has been taking lessons of late, and this is the way he explains his progress:

After divers attempts to wobble along the damed thing, we are beginning to think riding a wheel is not as easy as it looks. After dark, especially, has the difficulty of keeping the saddle been manifested. Our instructor has told us to "keep your legs straight, 'handle the bar gently,' 'look straight ahead,' 'look up,' 'sit still,' 'push it along,' and 'have confidence in your ability to ride.' But for all these expert warnings, riding a wheel is something not as easy as it looks. In broad daylight the difficulty is less, though the effort to become 'genuine master of the art' seems a terrible way off.

"Ted" now posses a "bike," and knows how to ride it. He has at last discovered that it is cheaper to own his own wheel than to borrow, no not borrow, "hire" is the word. He had an office in the building with a Mr. Goodman, one of the numerous personages who bear that name, and whose business is to rent dress suits. It used to be at No. 999 Third Avenue, before he ("Ted") removed to his present quarters on 59th Street, hence the joke that his wheel only cost \$49.99.

It has been said that when a clock was made small enough and perfect enough to be carried in the pocket it was called a watch; when the invention was achieved, the completed machine was christened a "Racycle." The Miami Cycle and Manufacturing Company, of Middlebury, Ohio, have certainly attained the cause of success in their "Racycle" which has been made more efficient than others which render it infinitely superior to any bicycle ever made.

The direct pull on the shaft (the chain and sprocket running inside the bearings), and other features might mentioned indefinitely.

The Racycle is, in addition the lightest, easiest, and most difficult to make in the world. It is creating a sensation already and will doubtless be to the front next year. The Miami Cycle and Manufacturing Company will doubtless bring the publicity a general investigation would bring.

There are within the pale of the State of Virginia several men who are abundantly and positively capable of discharging the duties of a teacher in the deaf-mute department—men who have been through the educational mill themselves at their noble alma mater, the institution at Staunton;

who know the flaws and drawbacks generally; and who, when they left the school to begin their battle of life, wore upon their countenances a grim determination to overcome all the deficiencies and difficulties that usually beset our brethren living in silence, or die trying.

That they have successfully fought against them, their records out in the world of business speak better than words.

They are not graduates of colleges, nor do they glory in the possession of degrees at the ends of their everyday names.

They are full-fledged graduates of the college of experience out in the world where they are battling.

Very much unlike the sweet school graduate, who does not know how to keep dyspepsia out of her culinary wisdom.

That one of such men would be of inestimable value to the deaf-mute department of our institution, no one who knows and understands the deaf as a class, can for an instant question.

Nobody but a Virginian can feel the pride and enthusiasm in the general welfare of the State, deaf-mutes; nobody but a Virginian will stand up for and defend a Virginia name, honor, or custom.

The Board of Visitors know this, and we feel

confident they will not look over the bounds of the State lines person for any position in our institution.

Concluding, we wish to assure our friends connected with the board that the above is not a picture of double dealing; and that we may express our confidence in the fact that those gentlemen constituting the Board, will see to it that nobody but a born and raised Virginian will be elected to fill the vacancy in the First Class, to be filled at their June meeting. And now we feel as we would like to say amen to their ability to do such a thing, and we all will be happy then and forever.

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**Pach's**

Convention Orders are now completed. Rain in early part of summer and extreme heat later delayed the work.

By September 5th

all should have received their picture. Send \$1.00, \$1.25 or \$2.00 (latter is a handsome "Queen panel") for your convention group, if you have not already ordered one.

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of the

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to

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(Children under twelve years old, 25 cents.)

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